

1150

THE VICTIM OF VILLAINY.

A TALE.

Concluded.

Henry to send out his young wife as a dowry, was shocked by his host, who went out to her as she stood by the hearth, and was surprised at her not leaving his young wife so early an hour. "My wife," (said James) "is not my wife!" and away he hurried. Mary read the words. She could not believe the credit, the testimony of her informant, nor the long the horror of her situation. She spent her thoughts. She stared from her window of delight. She ran to Imogene's chamber; but he was gone; and that he might have been in some large prison, but tried to ascertain from some young man where he was confined. Reduced to this dilemma, Mary decided to seek an explanation by letter, and her thought would soon reach him. The correspondence that followed on this letter will be found, as affording the fullest disclosure of the subsequent events of this story, and as best calculated, at the same time, to display the characters of Mary and Imogene.

To Miss Mary Buchanan.

^a Median.

"I am surprised at the receipt and loss of your letter, which to me is quite unimportant. What are your claims on me? You ask me my wife—No. Friend ever joined us—surprise—But I never ever heard me acknowledge that you were my wife. What then? Our connection, (which I do not deny) was as purely platonic and always my intention, was merely an act of gallantry. 'Tis true, I formerly wrote to your lover; but you will find by Johnson's Dictionary that lover and husband are very different characters. Should you be disposed to put me on the footing in which our intimacy is recommended, you shall have a reasonable pecuniary allowance; and as an evidence of my devotion to you, I will liberally send you ten pounds a year. If, if you do not choose to place me in your credit, regard to your future connection, you may consider as a compensation, and it is not so difficult for all the favours you have conferred on me."

P 6. The gentleman who was with us the

last evening I spent with you was no canting
parson, but a hearty rakish lay friend of mine.

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To Mr. IMANION.

"There are moments when the mind is capable of yielding a ready assent to their possibility; if, deprivied in an object, once an object of esteem; and circumstances, the most unequivocal in their nature, are necessary to dissipate illusions of partiality and friendship. I was wrong in regard you, I imagine, with perverber esteem— with affection; and I have discovered you to be a villain. Your letter, after the temporarily incredulous natural to an ill-treated heart, carried this conviction with certainty to my mind. You once approached me with professions of love; you courted my best regards by incessant attentions, and by friendly sympathies.— When I was involved in the whirlwind of adverse circumstances, and when I was driven from my father's house by the cruel fate of my step-mother, you generously offered me shelter and protection, the most complete that you could give; shelter in your home, and protection as the pledged partner of your future destiny. What has been the sequel? you seized a moment favorable to those criminal hopes, which, you now boast, you always entertained; and you— precisely a fiend— deceived me, and gained by the basest treachery, all that you wanted. You brought me one whom, to the existing circumstances, I could not but believe to be a clergyman; and you swore in his presence, and in the face of Heaven, that we were married. Reflect— think of these transactions. I can receive an apology for a person in circumstances of a peculiar nature forgetting the principles of honor and morality, and sacrificing for a momentary perishable pleasure, the future comfort of a female, whose inclinations may have prompted and invited the sacrifice; but you have no such alleged excuse. No part of my behaviour ever betrayed levity; yet you have the impudence to tell me, that, from the period of our acquaintance, you had formed expectations hostile to my honor; and you have realized your blasted hopes to the way which most justly manifests that you possess the meanest part of the villain's disposition; you seized the moment when I was in misery; you betrayed me; I trusted to your professed friendship, and created a vow that you had not the courage, nor the right, to ever deny to seek and obtain.

A forced to the injustice and depravity of your conduct, to your treatment of me, is the barbarous exercise of the right of renewal of your guilt. Do you think I could lose the hiding minister to you, a man of such integrity, the necessary ally to your despotic caprice, whom I shiver. How could you do so, insult me by speaking of my affliction as a marketable commodity, and I sacrifice my blood by the victim barbarity of your manner. Think not, Sir, that money can soothe my sorrow; it cannot eradicate from my heart the feelings of injustice. But I forbear to reach to one to whom no solitary virtue should I find no consolation; and to whom no mortal expiation.

tion would be a hopeless remedy indeed, for a disease incurable with the minutest fibre of the mind. I will only further repeat to you a picture of my present condition and future hopes, produced by your conduct; not that I refer to the duties of your relationship to me, for I would never press the least-mere claim on my bosom; but that you may retain in your possession some memorial of your virtues, on which your eye may dwell with self approbation as you pass through life, and your views be animated with more exalted rapture, and glided with more satisfactory consolation, when your head shall be laid on the pillow of death.

Bold men, when, on a coast—a beggar; with:
but a hour, a friend, or a sibling. Hear the
tongue of malice and ignorance brand my name
with oblique and reproach, while I am doom'd
to endure, in silent anguish, the tortures of infamy.
I have no document of my wrongs; my
story is improbable, though true; and even the
east of charity herself listens with incredulity to
a tale of such aggravated iniquity. What are
my prospects? Penury, abject menial labour, (if
even that blessing is reserved for me) and the
unremitting insults of contentious and unfeeling
rivals: or I may fly to the more terrible alterna-
tive; I may flatter for a season in the haunts of
profligacy, and spoil out my existence by the
rages of shame; I may vegetate a nuisance to
society, and sink out a scoundrel, the victim of
deceit and despair. These are my prospects, are the
glorious deeds of this achievement; these are the
rays prospects thou hast spread over my future
existence.

But even amidst the darkness of my present state, and the gloom with which the thoughts of future darkness more deeply the passing scene, still one comfort remains to me; I have the satisfaction of feeling that I am free from guilt; that I am the victim of villany. This is a treasure, were which I can well esteem; it is the most precious that a human being can possess, it is the genuine and consolatory source of delight to those who labour under unmerited affliction.— Yet still reflect on the times, when praise, respect and admiration accompanied my name; when peace and pleasure cheered my bosom; and hope, with a fairer prospect, sketched scenes of future delight. How sadly reversed!

But enough. The picture is surcharged; it is sufficient to shock all that is good, and grantly all that is hellish, in your natures. You have spread the canvas; I have only blotted its borders with the objects which you presented to my view. Let it now be furled; but let the figures which it conceals be engraved on your memory, there to remain forever.

MARY."

To miss Bug & Mary.

"I have got your very pretty epistle, which, with your former one, I return you, as I really cannot find a spare corner in my repositories in which to place such valuable; and I should be exceedingly sorry if they were to be lost. Your last will do extremely well to show to your female acquaintances, as a specimen of your talents."

in epistolary composition. It is extremely pretty I assure you, my dear. You may compare notes with some frail sister, and some time hence even excite the sympathy of a bully in a baigno, by reading it over to him with appropriate gesture, illustrated with some nice ventriloquial dropping tears. I desire, however, that you will write to me no more nonsense, or your letters shall be returned unopened. J. I.

Such was the termination of a correspondence, on which comment is superfluous. For some time the vigour of Mary's mind supported her, although oppressed with want, with calumny and bodily labour; but she soon sunk into a state of mental imbecility, which terminated in frenzy. She is now an inhabitant of the dreary mansions of extorbid intellect, and all her charms are fled. The eye that once bespoke feeling and energy of thought, is now hollow and wild; the countenance that charmed the beholder, is now pale and ghastly; and the voice which warbled the sweetest melody, now chaunts the melancholy notes of the maniac's song.

Reader! *Imagines* lives: his dwelling is princely, his fortune ample; his friends numerous; and he stands, in the estimation of the world, a man of honor and virtue!

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

IRONY.

GENERAL RULES OF GOOD BEHAVIOUR OR CHESTERFIELD ENLIGHTENED.

If you be fond of music and have occasion to use your handkerchief, more especially if you indulge in snuff, trumpet your nostrils as loud as possible to the creature of Tekeli, or the march in Blue-Boat.

Instruments for cracking nuts are ridiculous; always make use of your teeth, aiding the operation by placing your hands gracefully to your cheeks at the same time distorting your countenance during the exertion.

If you have a party you wish to be very friendly to, lean their plates with winds, pile upon pile, sit in the tower of Babel, and cram the victuals down the people's throats, like an oath administered in a hurry at the custom house; don't mind their elegant observations of—*Indeed, ma'am, I can't bear it, I shall be quite sick—* By *gods*, cousin Thompson, we can't stand any more; wife and I be stuffed up to our chins.

When you are drinking a glass of wine, roll your eyes about the room over the brim of the glass, like a feline brought up by *habes corpus* to a judge's chamber.

Humming a new tune, drumming with your knuckles, or knuckles has a very lively effect, during the decanter or wine glass now and then to break a deceiver or wine glass the more agreeable. To roll on two chairs while you are using your tooth pick has a very careless and elegant appearance.

To give any thing from your own plate to another to eat of, shows great good nature, and amiableness of disposition, particularly if on the point of a fork, with which you have been picking your teeth. N. B. a fork is an excellent substitute for a tooth-pick.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

This venerable pile will be restored to all its former grandeur. Mr Wyatt the architect, has undertaken to put the walls and ornaments in a complete state of durability without doing the least injury to the monuments. A drawing of the original structure has been found in a vase taken from the court of records in a high state of preservation. From this the artist will be enabled to produce all the minute ornaments which time has destroyed. The rains which stood in the niches are to reappear.

ELEGIAC BALLAD.

[The following Lines on the recent death of a beautiful child, were written by a gentleman of letters, during the performance on the Piano Forte by his lady, of the beautiful ballad, *Hope told a little boy tale*. It was a daughter of the Muses inspiring Apollo.]

B. G. G.

'Hope told a little boy tale.'

Yes, Hope's delusive tale,
My easy faith beguiled,
And in life's blooming vale,
Her vernal flowers smiled.
But ah! one fatal day,
Proved all her visions vain,
And left my heart a prey
To agonizing pain.

Beside the ice-bound stream,
I chanced to tread,
The silent, exulting dream,
Of promised bliss is past.
Some friendly evergreen
Shall shade me where chanced head,
And flourish, where unseen,
I mourn my Awa dead.

Wild o'er the d-dified snow,
The winter terrors roar,
The rivers cease to flow,
The torrents dash no more;
But though December drear
Can bind the captive wave,
He cannot freeze the tear
That bathes a daughter's grave.

Soon, when returning Spring,
Will nature's charms renew,
And then, sweet flowers I'll bring,
To round Anna's turf a strew.
And then, her verdant bed,
I'll deck with pious care,
And oft, my aching head,
I'll fondly pillow there.

From the Rhin's Island American.

The full moon slowly led the night
And hushed to prove the distant bay;
Beneath, a path of glowing light
With rippling waves disclosed her way.

Emerging from the parted shale
I saw a ship's majestic sail;
The mounds of smoke on its streamers played,
Its canvas whitered in the gale.

Brightly its decks and by-ways shone
While hazy seamen gaily crewed;
But an incessant hoarse peal on—
Two soon in closing gloom were lost.

And has thy motion ceased fair bark
And does thy flag forget to wave?
Does that thick smoke, as dream, so dark,
Close on the eternal grave?

No—all unseen by mortal sight
Its now still rolls the swelling spray;
Coursing the moon's calm smile of light
Its flag still waves, its streamers play!

Thus human life, in vision fair,
With many a gem device surrounded,
Gleams in a path of short lived care
On either hand by darkness bounded.

Its beauties shine like cheating roses,
Flumined by Fancy's glimmering rays.
Swift pass its best and brightest joys
To glooms that mock our anxious gaze.

The cloud of night is o'er it rolled—
Yet Time's movements still is forcing,
And Day shall soon its form unfold
In an eternal Ocean coursing.

POPFISH REFLECTIONS.

If we take a circumspet contemplation of man, and trace him through all the puerile eccentricities and incongruities of his ludicrous pilgrimages, we shall find that his brain is the praiseworthy recipient of every acquisition incongruous. From his abjection to his exaltation, with respect to intellect, he is nearly indistinguishable. His exalted nature is so inflamed with perversity, and so acerbated by peripet of conversation, that he knows not when to predicate, or oblige even a legendary proposition; yet his casual active mind, and his voracious tongue, make him such a vigorous and libidinous adept in philippic moderation, that nothing but the most impenetrable benignity can endure his motley stultification and nugacity.

GRAMMATICAL SMOKING.

As smoking is an innocent indulgence, and as it is customary with people of a classical taste to vary the order of the day with segars in their mouths, and as the generality of smokers make an awkward appearance, in consequence of their ignorance of the theory of punctuation in smoki g, the following system is recommended:

A single puff serves for a comma,
A puff, puff, a semicolon;
Puff, puff, puff, puff, a colon;
Six puffs, a period.
A puff with a segar in the hand represents a dash—longer or shorter in continuance.

With the under lip raise the segar almost against the nose for an exclamation! And to express great emotion, even to the shedding of tears, only raise, in forming the segar, so as to touch the end of the nose. For an interrogation? 'tis only necessary to open the lips and draw the segar round to the corner of the mouth.

Taking the segar from the mouth and knocking the fire from the end, is the conclusion of a paragraph—and throwing it in the fire is a final and emphatic pause.

Never begin a story with a half-smoked segar, but to light another while talking is not only a breach of politeness, but interferes with the above system of punctuation, which destroys all harmony and energy of expression.

FUMIGATOR.

MITHRIDATES THE SECOND.

There is a very extraordinary man now living in Constantinople, who is generally known under the name of Mithridates, the son of Mithridates. He is a 106 years of age, and has seen the following succession of Sultans—Achmet III. Osman, Mahmud, Mustafa III. Abdul Hamid, Selim III. and the present Sovereign. This man, when young, accompanied him (as the Turks do) to swallow opium; but having taken by degrees a large quantity without producing the desired effects, he adopted the use of sublimated, and, for upwards of 20 years, he has taken a column of 60 grains a day. He would sometimes go to the house of a Turkish Jew, and cast a column of sublimated, which he mixed in a glass of water, and drank it up immediately. The first time, the apothecary was very much alarmed, and he should be charged with poisoning the Turk; but he was struck with astonishment when he saw him again on the next day, when he called for another dose. Lord Egin, Mr. Smith, and several gentlemen now in England, have met this extraordinary man, and have heard him say, that the sensation he experienced after having drank that extremely poisonous was the most delicious he ever enjoyed. Such is the force of habit! It is generally taught that since the days of Mithridates, no one has ever made constant use of such a substance.

DIVERSITY.

St Robert Walpole's receipt for making a Patriot. Prayers, he said, spring up like mushrooms; and I could have fifty of them within four and twenty hours. I have saved many of them in one night! It is a pity, having them to gratify an uncurious or an insatiable mind, and up starts a patriot!

The Weekly Museum.

NEW YORK, APRIL 27, 1811.

On Sunday last, a Mrs. Riddell, who lives at the corner of Rector and Lumber streets, was throwing a tub of soap suds out of a two story window, lost her balance, and fell into the street with the tub, and was so much hurt, that her life is despaired of.

COMMUNICATION.

Mad Dogs.—We are concerned to state that during the week of a gentleman in this city has been lately bitten by a dog supposed to be mad. It is true that the dog is not really mad, but the circumstances are too peculiar to be dismissed as trifling. It is not the duty of the police to establish and enforce some regulations respecting dogs which may ensure the safety of the citizens? The number of dogs in this city is perhaps greater than any other two of the same dimensions in the world; and independent of the mischief which they may occasion when in a state of madness, may be considered as a public nuisance, which the police are bound in duty to remove.

Evening Post.

From the Norfolk Ledger April 17

Yesterday morning about 2 o'clock, our town was alarmed by the cry of fire, which was discovered to have been occasioned by the French privateer *Ravache du Cerf*, John Jacques, master, anchored in the river, being on fire. The fire had made such progress, and an alarm given that she had a considerable quantity of powder on board, prevented any exertions being made to save her; and she burnt to the water's edge, having been loaded off to prevent doing damage to the other shipping, which lay very near her.

It was supposed that she had been set on fire deliberately, and no doubt remains that she was. It appears from the examination of two boys who were on board, that two boats came along the river, the privateer, manned with about fifteen men and powder, who took two boys out of the boat, tied their hands behind their backs, and set the boat on fire which had fire in it into the hold and burnt the vessel.

It has not yet been discovered who were the authors of this very unjust and cruel deed, which was not only highly wrong as regards the destruction of the property itself and the violation of the laws of our country, but the very violation of a law to which other vessels were formerly exposed (particularly a ship with 3000 tons of naval stores which was on fire near the wharf and then burnt). The two boys, who were examined, say that they were carried down the river in a boat, and the vessel, and the persons who came in the boats spoke no other language but English.

Such conduct cannot be excused, or even palliated, though the cause in which produced it may be the most difficult to resist. The individual who committed this privateer had rendered himself obnoxious by the capture of American vessels here before; within a few days he was publicly hanging men for the purpose of going, as was supposed, on a cruise; these circumstances were

viewed with indignation, much heightened by the very atrocious destruction of American property by French privateers, accounts of which are daily detailed in the papers. The *Revanche du Cerf* was detained about eight or nine months since by Commodore Rogers, and was lately released by an order from the Admiralty court.

IMPORTANT CURE.

Very alarming apprehensions have lately been prevalent in various parts, we are told, from the appearance of mad dogs and mad foxes. Some in the fields, and some in the cattle have been bitten. Perhaps the following remedy for the bite of these animals may not be useless:

"A cure for the bite of a mad dog, by Dr. de Moneta, physician in ordinary to his Polish Majesty. The doctor advises to cover the wound with a fresh earth or with a saffron, to imbibe the saliva of the animal, and then to wash it with water. At the same time warm half a pound of butter, in four times as much vinegar; and when the wound is cleared, apply a compress of linen, steeped in that mixture, and moisten it very often with the same for 9 days; after which time you may safely remove the compress and cure the wound the usual way. During the time the vinegar is used outwardly the patient must take internally four times a day doses of an ounce and a half of vinegar warmed with a little fresh butter; and his common drink for at least fifteen days must be pure water, a little vinegar, and juice of citron. Strong liquor is very hurtful as it is a very emotion of anger or impatience. Pethoric patients may be bled; but this precaution the doctor regards as little necessary. Dr. de Moneta, has used the same remedies against the bites of vipers and other venomous reptiles, and always with success. He has preserved the hydrophobia in more than sixty people; and many other physicians, who have followed his method, have found it equally efficacious. It is remarkable that in Italy, vinegar has also been discovered to be a remedy for this dreadful disorder."

A SINGULAR IMPOSTURE.

A poorly well dressed man lately walking along the strand, London, suddenly dropped down in an apoplectic fit; and though no less a man than Sir John E. was coming by at the time, and was willing to give every assistance the Medical Faculty could afford, it was all in vain; the body was dead beyond the reach of any physician. A corpse in the Strand, unowned, soon drew a crowd; among them came a well dressed, good looking young gentleman, who was curious to see the dead man. He had no sooner made his way through the mob so as to get a full view of the corpse than he was struck with amazement; he remained fixed, his countenance changed and the tears began to flow down his cheeks.

As soon as he could recover himself so far as to gain utterance, he exclaimed—"Oh, God! my poor uncle! he is gone! He is gone!—Well, said he, with a deep sigh, so perish my hopes!—I am happy, however, that I luckily passed at this awful moment to rescue his poor remains and see them decently interred."

Accordingly, the sorrowful youth called a coach, and the charitable mob, who paid the disconsolate nephew, assisted to put the corpse in the coach;—where the pious young man soon stripped the body, and desiring to be set down at a famous surgeon's very conscientiously sold his his pretended uncle for two guineas.

COURT OF HYMEN.

MARRIED.

In Portsmouth lately by the Rev Mr Bolton, Mr Thomas Batchelder to Miss Maria Mochmore 'Tis thus that Hymen cracks his joke,
A hoax, a quack, a bore!
The Bridegroom's still a 'BATCHELOR,'
The Bride is not a 'MUCH MARRIED.'

At Troy on Thursday evening last by the Rev Mr Coe, John F Snydam of this city, merchant, to Miss Elias Lane of the former place, daughter of Col D Lane

MORTALITY

DIED.

On Saturday morning Mr Alexander Russel, merchant of Richmond
On Monday morning Mrs Elizabeth Stoutenburgh the widow of the late Isaac Stoutenburgh, esq.
On Monday morning Mr Richard M Lister.
On Tuesday after a lingering illness, Miss Jane Sherry, in the 50th year of her age
On Wednesday afternoon of a lingering illness, Miss Mary Givens in the 15th year of her age.
At Birmingham on Friday, Mrs. diethra Garner aged 74 years, relict of the late Nicholas Garner of this city
In Newark, N J on the 18th inst the hon Judge Ludwig A. Abrahamson of St Croix, after a long and painful illness in the 28th year of his age.
In Braton on the 16th inst Mr Alexander Cascadan, Printer aged 26, a native of Londonderry, Ireland

NEW AND INCREASING

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

CHARLES N. BALDWIN.

Having opened a Circulating Library at No 2 Chatham Square, adjoining the New Watch House; solicits the assistance of the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, hoping to give general satisfaction by procuring every new work of merit as soon as published.

The collection at present contains near one thousand volumes, in almost every class of literature, which tends "to raise the genius and to mend the heart," and may be had on the following moderate terms.

Per Annum	dols, \$	00
Per Six Months		3 00
Per Quarter		2 00
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Per single volume (octavo)		12 1-2
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Payable half in advance.

N. B. On the first of May next, the Library will be removed to No. 105 Chatham street, perposite Roosevelt street.

WANTED

Number of young Ladies to ret Fringe for Parasols at M Rabrous No 49 Maiden Lane

A GARDEN TO LET.

or may be worked on shares for the half of the produce, at No 42 Second street apply to

F. PELL,

at No 215 Church st 1138—If

A young lady of taste and experience in Millinery business is wanted by

MRS RUTHVEN
169 William

COURT OF APOLLO.

MEDDLING

"Mr. Bourne and his wife
Had at breakfast stuff—
He wanted bread and butter with his tea;
She says she'll rule the roost,
He'll have a plate of toast."
So together with him went she.

There was one Mr. Moore
Lodg'd in the second floor,
A man very strong in the wrist—
He overheard the clatter
About toast and bread and butter,
So he knock'd down Mr. Bourne with his fist.

Says Moore "O dear my life
You shall not beat your wife,
It is both a sin and disgraceful—
— You too, says Mrs. Bourne,
"An no divilness of yours,"
And smack went a cup of tea in his face.

Cried poor Mr. Moore,
As he sneak'd to the door,
"I am surely a man without brains,
When two married folks are flouting
If a stranger pokes his snout in,
He's sure to get it twerk'd for his pains."

THE SAILORS' MEETING IN PORT. A SONG.

Come give me your fist my good fellow,
I'm happy to shake it once more—
We'll laugh and we'll quaff while we're mellow,
And frolics of you b' prattle o'er.

By the trade winds of life we are driven,
Unable to fetch where we like—
But cheerfully met in this haven,
We'll straighten misfortune's worst crook.

What though we have sometimes bad weather,
Winds high and the sky overcast;
Our hearts should set tight as a feather—
We'll reach a safe harbour at last.

For He who commands the wide ocean,
Has something in store for us all,
He's our pilot in calm or commotion,
And we must obey at his call.

He knows when we merit his favour,
He knows when we forget the same—
Then Jack let us mind our behaviour,
We're a can conceal a foul game.

Then let true hearts be united,
Here's a health to the honest and brave,
Wherever your faith has been plighted,
Bear it true till you sink in the grave.

In youth we were friends my dear fellow—
Be friendship our latest delight—
Honest tars, who'er sober or mellow,
Are always the same day or night.

Be friendly on bark on the ocean—
Be duty our sternest task;
When our voyages are o'p, no commotion
Shall drive us again from the post.

SONG.

Twang, "One of the Ancient Irish Melodies."

My Eva! see this opening rose,
What nameless charms it can impart—
Like thee it blooms—like thee it glows.
Like thee I wear it next my heart,
But o'er the bloom it exhalates,
It sheds a tear, a sigh's breathes,
Oh balmy sigh! Oh tear of dew,
No longer be the emblem true—
For by the hopes I hold most dear,
I would not see my Eva's tear,
I would not hear my Eva's sigh,
For all that worlds on worlds could buy.

EDWARD ROCKWELL

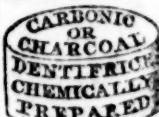
No. 200 Broadway,

Respectfully informs his friends and customers
that he makes and has for sale a large assortment of
fashionable gold, two-thirds some pines, fine gold rings
and fingers some with corals and pearls, topaz
and rubies, hair do. drops do. with corals, topaz
and pearls of the newest pattern a large assortment of
pearl and plain breast pins, brooches, bracelets and
necklaces pearl and plain Finger Rings, Miniature
Settings, lockets, watch chains, keys and seals, ele-
gant silver tea sets, soup spoons, table spoons and
tea spoons, sugar tongs with spoons silver snuff boxes,
cigar, cigarette, corals and bells and pencil cases.

He has also fashionable plated silver, gold and
edge candlesticks and branches, brackets are chamber
candlesticks, do. dressing and trays with silver
handles, silver tea spoons, silver spoons, silver
gadroons and shells, liquor flasks, bread baskets,
with silver gadroon and shells, fruit baskets, dille
crust and for frames, sweet baskets with rich cut
glass of 6, 7 and 8 bottles, with silver gadroon
shells and feet, bottle stands, soup ladles, low priced
candlesticks and castors.

Monaco pocket books, snuff boxes, toothpaste
pearl and turban silver boxes, diver gilt, plated and
steel spectacles, pen and pocket knives, razors,
and cases, silver tooth brushes, shaving, bodkins
books and eyes, corals, coral amber, pearl and
gilt beads, table knives and forks, steel and Corral's
Britania tea pots, tortoise shell and ivory combs and
variety of articles appropriate to his line of business
which are too numerous to mention which he
will sell at the lowest prices.

Feb 21



deserving Cases of difficulty for sale in *Natural*
of Smith Chemical Perfumery from London, at the
Golden Rose No 150 Broadway corner of Liberty
Street.

Also the following articles as usual with many
other too numerous to mention. Rose oil. Anilique for
cutting, glazing, thickening and preserving the hair
and preventing its turning—edimical cosmetic wash
bottle his fine cosmetic cold cream, clear and per-
fects the skin from clapping, colour of roses for creel-
ing bottles Smith's improved chemical milk of rose.
Smith's pomade de Grass for thickening the hair, violet
soap. Smith's tooth paste warranted his superior
white hair powder, violet rose. Is 61 Smith's royal
paste for washing the skin Smith's highly improved
hard and soft pomatum. Smith's balsamic lip salve.
houses Smith's lotion for the teeth his perfumed alpine
shaving cake, made on chemical principle to help the
operation of shaving Smith's celebrated soap plaster
elastic worsted and cotton. Garters, silk of lemon for
taking out iron mounds ladies and gentlemen's pocket
books the best warranted concave razors that can be
strops shaving boxes, Frenchmen's mirrors, tortoise shell
pencils and boxes, comb smelling bottles &c. Gave
allowances to those who buy to sell again. Tooth
Powder and opiate thick rinses tooth and cloth brushes
vegetable rouge and pearl cosmetic lavender cologne
honey Hungary rose Javanese Cam de miel and Eau
Tave water shaving powder—scent plaster, &c.

Merchants supplied wholesale for exportation.

New Novels &c. for sale at the Office

Scottish Chiefs
Dominion
Cecilia in search of a Wife
Adeline Mowbray
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Saracen, 2 vols.
Modern Ship of Fools, &c.
ALSO

Just received a neat pocket edition of Young's
Night Thoughts price 75 cents

SALES AT AUCTION By ROBERT M. MERRICK No. 120 Water street.

This evening at half past 6 o'clock a valuable
collection of Books, of Law, Divinity, History, Tracts,
Novels &c.

N. B. There will be Sales of Books on every
Saturday Evening, through the season
Catalogues on the day of sale.

Monday

1 o'clock at T. C. 14 33 Lots of ground belong-
ing to the estate of the late Abraham Cannon,
deceased, viz no's 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44,
45, 46, 47, 48, 49 and 50 on Broome's street—Nos 24
33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47,
48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55 and 56 on Great
street—Nos 57, 58, 59 and 60 on Main street.
The sales will be made by order of the executors
on the following terms—10 per cent cash, 40
per cent on delivery of satisfactory deed, and the
residue in one year, with interest to be as-
sured by mortgage on the premises. For the
dimensions of the lots, see the map at the To-
bacco Collier house.

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At No 51 Broadway,

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The following assortment of Ladies Shoes, sel-
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A large and elegant supply of the new fashion of
Shoes to buckle, double and single sole.
Likewise Low last dress slips to buckle, the latest
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Grecian Sandals, and all the different kinds of Lace
Shoes now worn.
Slips, Boots and Lace Boots.
Misses' and Childrens shoes of all the above fash-
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MATERIALS

Kid and Morocco dress and undress, satin, silk,
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favorite colors, as worn in Europe and America.
A large and elegant assortment of the most favor-
able silver and plated buckles, of the most favor-
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A constant supply of the above articles may be
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It will be well worth the attention of the ladies of
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factured.

March 30

1136-67

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Covers made, & put in the ground and warranted
tight by
C. ALFORD
No 15 Catherine street near the Watchtower.

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